

UP TO DATE
AND NEWSY.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK.

EDITED BY
ROBERT EDGREN.

MELLODY A REAL CHAMPION; LONG MAY HE REIGN!

Is As Good As Any Who Ever Held Title—Has Fighting Style Like "Terrible Terry" McGovern.

R. Edgren's
COLUMN



often noticed that these modest fellows are the ones who win. The braggarts never make good their promises when it comes down to actual fighting.

I doubt that any of the old-time welters, and I have seen many of them, were better than "Honey" Melody is now. He is a genuine champion, if there ever was one. Mysterious Billy Smith, Matty Matthews, Rue Ferns—even the redoubtable Walcott.

Melody has a great fighting style. He is a larger edition of Terry McGovern at his best, full of dashing aggressiveness and courage. He won't go back a step. He is always rushing in. He has a punch that will drop any man he hits right—and he has a sharpshooter's skill in reaching the mark. Melody hasn't much flashy, spectacular skill. He is the Fitzsimmons kind of cleverness. He is quick, shifty, and always willing to mix. In the mixing he has a clear head. He times the other man's blows, and beats him to the target. That's what Fitz always did.

ANOTHER great thing about Melody is the fact that he is a two-handed fighter. His left hand is fully as good as his right, and he can hit as hard with it. Melody's left hooks whipped Willis Lewis. They took all the fight out of him. Melody is magnificently built for strength and endurance and hitting power.

The Boston boy used generalship in that fight. In the first two rounds Lewis, with his cleverness and speed, had the upper hand of the round robins, but Melody was always rushing to close quarters. And every time they clinched Melody lifted his right fist and sent Lewis crashing to the canvas twice. He sunk the blow in hard. The chugger so that they could be heard all around the ring. He was deliberately playing the game out of Lewis. In the third round Melody suddenly changed his tactics, stopped working on Lewis's midriff and forced him to mix. He had Lewis off balance, drove him faster and faster, and time and again he forced Lewis to exchange rights or lefts and beat his a tenth of a second in landing the blow. His left was especially good.

I NOTICED that Willis Lewis looked around to his corner and at the spectators or referee McGovern, Honey Melody kept his eyes on his rival. I don't think Melody saw the referee, the spectators, his seconds—anything at all—but Lewis after the first clang of the gong. As he sat in his corner he stared across at Lewis as if impatient for the minute's rest to come to an end so that he could get at his enemy again. The instant the bell rang he was out and about like a wild animal, looking for Lewis for an instant. His business in that ring was to fight and win as quickly as possible. Pulling the trigger

A GREAT crowd of boys, jam full of man-killing and game-shooting enthusiasm, gathered around the High School of Commerce yesterday to get in trim for the big rifle sheet for The Evening World's trophy at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory Saturday night.

The old machine gun in the basement was kept busy all afternoon and some of the rifle regiments as high as fifteen pull-ups out of twenty shots at a range of about fifty feet across the swimming pool.

They are very much elated over the fact that they are to handle real guns on Saturday night and their shooting iron are to be loaded with powder and

lead. The information was given out

that they are to be furnished with twenty-two rifles, and this inspired

some of the boys possessed of a few nickels to take a turn at the shooting galleries in the neighborhood.

The few parents who have been alarmed about this shooting practice less some of the boys be hurt need

have no fear. The practice gun never

has been loaded yet and never will be, according to advice. All the boys

are to be given loaded barrels but there

is not a chance with the man behind the machine gun.

This machine gun by the way is a very fine apparatus and one that you couldn't understand very well unless you saw it. A regular army Krag-Jorgenson rifle is used on the gun, and the gun is equipped with a lens for the eye to the lever of a mechanical device. As soon as

it is taken to a target about fifty feet away it will be set in motion and driven into hole in a minute target

driven into hole in a minute target